



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

horseman of Shanacloch was never seen or heard of since. They say his time was out, and his horrible treachery atoned for; and that, on this last night, he came to thank them for their past kindness to him.

"Thanks be to heaven, spirits and ghosts are going away very fast, bekase wars and murders are at an ind; and the clergy, more power to 'em, has sent a great many sows to the Red Say!"

E. W.

THE HAUNTED SKULL,

A LEGEND OF KILLARNEY

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a Tale unfold."

SHAKESPEARE.

A peasant once upon a Summer's day
Set off to go to market at Killarney;
He might, or he might not—I cannot say,
Have been a brother of the fam'd Kate Kearney,
Whose smiles and looks were "spells" all "art" and
blarney:

And you were forc'd, so says the song, to "fly
And shun the fatal glance of her bewitching eye."

This same Kate Kearney, between you and I,
Was, I much fear, no better than she should be;

Let others sing her praises, I deny,
That she both "simple" and "mischievous" could be;*

Pray how could "fatal glances" ever good be.
To keep herself from murder she must either
Put out her eyes, or wear a false face—neither

Of which I'm sure she'd do, at least I know,
I would not do it to save Whig or Tory;

But what is this to you or I, and so,
I'll leave Kate Kearney, and take up my story,

I mean the peasant whom I placed before ye
Going to market one fine Summer day,
To sell his pig or ass, and buy some "tay,"

Sugar, tobacco, meat, and I dont know
What else to treat his reverence at a christ'ning,

He had to pass the ruined AGHADOE
Where bones, and skulls around, lie white and glis'n-
ing;

It was a sight that set his hair a brist'ling,
His teeth to chatter and his flesh to creep:
For legends say, that in the night, when sleep

Has closed, or should close, decent peoples' eyes,
In ruined Aghadoe, full many a spirit,

From the old tombs and sepulchres arise,
And hasten to the bleaching bone to ferret,

From out the heap, the limbs they did inherit
Some six or seven hundred years ago,
When in monastic pride, stood stately Aghadoe.

And here I beg the reader will behold,
In fancy's glass: each lake with nature's fountain,
And every glen of which he should be told,

And every wild peaked hill and rugged mountain,
And every isle too numerous for counting;

Gleaming from out the crystal waters pure,
With Innisfallen sweet, so called by Tommy Moore.

But to come back to ruined Aghadoe.
And peasant going t' market in the morning:

But stop—I quite forgot to let you know,
The ruin stands, the wild hill's top adorning,

As if to give to all that pass a warning,
That tho' they may ambitions high hill climb,
They must their honours bow to lordly time.

The hill of Aghadoe is very steep,
And it requires a long time in ascending;

So I was forced, kind reader, back to keep
You, the poor peasant's case alone attending:

But see him now at last the hill descending;
And you may follow now quite at your ease,
And hear what happened him or not; just as you please.

* See the song of Kate Kearney; and the meaning of the words, *simple*, *mischievous*, and *fatal*, in Johnson's Dictionary.

I do not force into your hands this tale,

You may, or you may not, let go the hold,

But I'll proceed, although your courage fail,

Like Shakspeare's ghost, "I can a tale unfold,"

Perhaps it will not make your blood run cold

In reading, but if you had seen the sight

The peasant saw, I'm sure you'd quake with fright;

For just as he had turned his back upon

The ruins of old Aghadoe so stately,

He saw what made his blood all coldly run,

And frighten'd him I warrant you completely;

Indeed I do not wonder at it greatly;

For who could see a human skull in motion,

Without a body—nor feel some emotion

Of fright and terror—I for one must own,

Altho' I am courageous as my neighbours,

That such a sight would make me start and groan,

More than a band of Turks with swords and sabres,

Or wild Cossacks impatient for war's labours.

Again I say—it was a sight of dread,

"To see roll on the path," now here, now there, a head.

It stopp'd a moment; then again began

Its fitful race, from one side to another;

At length it rested—and the frighten'd man

Whose senses downright agony did bother,

Having recover'd something from his pother,

Began courageously to think he'd pass

The now reposing skull—but, oh! alas!!

Scarce had the thought gone thro' his mind—when lo!

The skull again commenced its marching motion;

The peasant turned and fled past Aghadoe,

Nor once thought of the market I've a notion;

He feared the bones would all be in commotion,

And gathering round him pick his bones quite bare

And send his skull wool gathering for its hair.

At length he overtook, oh, joyful sight,

Some neighbours like himself to market going,

And telling them of his most fearsome fright,

Their hearts beat loud—their blood was scarcely
flowing,

But on they went the peasant with them showing

The very spot where he first saw the head,

Moving, before his feet, a "living dead."

At length this dreaded object came in sight,

Now here, now there, irregularly dancing;

The people all drew back in wild affright,

Till one with sign of cross and prayer advancing,

Approached the skull thus wonderfully prancing

And saw a sight that made his limbs to shake,

His eyes pour water, and his sides to ache.

He saw a sight that he must needs laugh at,

And ruined Aghadoe rang with his shouting,

For, lo! within a skull a monstrous rat

Had crept, poor creature very little doubting

That where it had got in, it would get outing;

But rat was quite mistaken in his notion:

And all his struggles only set in motion

His prison; for 'tis easier you will own,

Into a scrape of any kind to enter;

Than to get out of it with flesh and bone,

Safely and sound as you commenced the venture,

—So felt the rat entrapped in the centre

Of empty skull. Let all a warning take,

And ever look before a leap they make.

PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

It is worthy of remark that the shells of eggs contain a portion of phosphate of lime, the design of nature, in furnishing the shells of eggs, with phosphoric acid, or lime. It was necessary, therefore, that nature should provide means for furnishing both these substances, which it does at the expense of the shell, which becomes thinner and thinner, during the whole time of incubation, till the living embryo had appropriated a sufficient quantity, for the formation of its bones, part of the albumen combines with the shell for this purpose, and another portion forms feathers. If fowls are kept in a